

SCANDAL

"Sweet Baby"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

1

Posh. Money lives here. A uniformed doorman is signing for packages while a delivery guy waits. OLIVIA TAYLOR (mid 30s) enters the lobby. Stylish, intense, the kind of woman who likes being smart more than she does being pretty. If women swaggered, she'd swagger cause she's badass. But her face is hidden by sunglasses, her legs aren't on display and her tits are minding their own business so she's of no interest to the doorman. He ignores her. He's busy holding the impatient delivery guy hostage with his stupid story...

DOORMAN

(to the delivery guy)

So I say to the guy, you can complain
all you want, I'm not walking your
damn dog-

OLIVIA

Excuse me? I'm supposed to go to-

DOORMAN

Gimme a minute. I'm busy.

(to the delivery guy)

And he says to me, it's your job.
It ain't my job and I tell him so, I
tell him he can go screw himself or
I can go tell his wife he's screwing
the nanny on the 3rd floor. He says
he's sorry. And I look him right in
the eye and say, I can't hear you --
you don't talk to me, your money
talks to me. And he pulls out five
hundred bucks and-

Olivia slams her hand down on the counter.

OLIVIA

HEY. Your dick is really big. This
guy gets it, I get it. So unless
you want to whip it out and show it
to us, do your job and unlock the
elevator for me. I have a busy day.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

The delivery guy covers a chuckle. Olivia smiles, serene.
The doorman fumbles for his keys.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

2 INT. UPPER WEST APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

2

The elevator doors open and Olivia steps out. HARRISON (30s) is waiting in the hall for her. Harrison is...well, he makes you want to do dirty things with him. Right now, though, he's on edge. They head down the hall towards an apartment door.

HARRISON

I want to be clear. This is not my fault. He's frickin' crazy. He's a nutjob. This is not on me.

OLIVIA

Okay.

HARRISON

Say it. Because I don't wanna hear any crap about this later-

OLIVIA

It's not on you. How many guys in the room?

HARRISON

Just the two of them.

And Olivia and Harrison swing into the apartment...

3 INT. UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

3

...Where two men in expensive suits stand. They look like polished businessmen. Or stockbrokers. Except for the fact that they are currently holding guns on one another. Let's call them OSCAR (40s) and LARRY (50s). They're sweaty, nervous and there's an ENORMOUS pile of money in neat wrapped stacks on the table. When Oscar sees Olivia he starts shouting.

OSCAR

I'm gonna kill him! I swear to God,
I'll blow his damn brains on the
carpet!

LARRY

Not if I shoot you first!

3

CONTINUED:

3

OLIVIA

No one is shooting anyone. Put the guns down.

LARRY

He pulled his gun first. I don't trust him. He puts down his, I'll put down mine.

OLIVIA

Oscar, put your gun down.

OSCAR

So he can shoot me? Hell no.

Olivia looks at them. Looks at Harrison. Sighs. And then she steps between the two men. So that both guns are now pointed directly at her.

OLIVIA

Okay? Now the only person who gets shot is me. And Oscar? Larry? If either of you shoots me, Harrison will shoot you in the face. Not enough to kill you because we're the good guys, but enough that your Mamas won't recognize you without years of very painful plastic surgery. Right, Harrison?

HARRISON

Liv-

OLIVIA

Harrison.

Harrison sighs. Reaches into his suit jacket and pulls out his gun. Points it at the men.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Now, guns down.

OSCAR

He's gonna blow me on the deal.

OLIVIA

Larry, are you gonna blow Oscar?

LARRY

...No...

OLIVIA

Larry?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

LARRY

I wanted us to go 50/50. He wants
70/30. I'm doing all the work!

OLIVIA

Oscar, will you consider 60/40 if
Larry promises not to blow you?

OSCAR

I keep the profits.

OLIVIA

Larry, can Oscar keep the profits?

LARRY

The profits on-

OLIVIA

This is a yes or no question. I
told you, I'm your lawyer, not your
priest. I don't want to know any
details about what your business is.
Yes or no?

LARRY

I suppose that's okay. Yes.

OLIVIA

So no one blows anyone, we have a
60/40 split and Oscar keeps the
profits. Any other deal points either
of you would like to negotiate at
this time?

LARRY/OSCAR

No. /I'm good.

Olivia holds out her hands.

OLIVIA

Guns in my hand. GUNS IN MY HAND.

Reluctantly, Larry and Oscar place their guns in her hands.
Now Olivia has the guns; Harrison puts his gun away.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Now shake hands.

They look at her.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We have a verbal contract. Shake
hands to seal the deal.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

And Oscar and Larry step forward and shake hands.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Good boys.

A beat. And the Oscar slugs Larry and the two begin fighting.
Olivia looks at Harrison. Sighs, slightly annoyed.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

This is so on you.

Harrison throws up his hands.

TITLE CARD.

In Crisis AKA Under Pressure AKA Calamity Olivia AKA Rubicon

"Jams, Pickles, Hot Potatoes and Other Lame Synonyms"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

AN AWESOME SONG (trust me, it will actually be awesome) begins to play as:

1 INT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

1

We're on OLIVIA (late 20s), running.

Olivia, a whipsmart intense girl next door whose inner geek is often on the outside. We love her immediately because she reminds us of, well...us. And like I said, Olivia is running. Olivia is running through the airport. Running like crazy. Running like her life depends on it.

She's huffing. Puffing. Wearing heels. Sweating like a pig. Cause she's not a runner. She doesn't even go to the gym. She's DYING but she's GOTTA run. She's holding a boarding pass. She's dragging a rolling suitcase, she's dodging vacationers and babies and flight attendants, she is doing her best to keep up with...

HARRISON (late 20s), so delicious and athletic and rough and tumble that it hurts us not to have him in our own beds, running ahead of her. The easy fast strides of a sprinter. Not breaking a sweat. He's a gazelle. He pauses, circles back around, grabs her suitcase for her. But Olivia stops running. Bends over, hands on knees. Wheezing. A turtle. Or an antelope. Something that isn't made to run.

OLIVIA
...should...work...out...

Olivia looks like she's going to die. Literally die. Harrison reaches out an arm, grabs Olivia around the waist and plucks her off the ground. Keeps running towards their gate. Olivia's arms flop around. He keeps running. Ignoring her humiliation.

2 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

2

Harrison and Olivia are scrunched together in crappy coach seats. She's furiously checking emails on her iPhone. The plane is taking off. Harrison sees the flight attendant heading for Olivia, glaring. Harrison grabs the iPhone.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Olivia sits frozen, thumbs in the air, waiting. The flight attendant moves past. Harrison gives the iPhone back to Olivia. She goes back to typing with her thumbs, not missing a beat. Harrison shuts his eyes, tries to sleep.

Olivia pops a piece of gum in her mouth. Not even opening his eyes, Harrison opens his mouth. Not even glancing up, Olivia pops a piece of gum in his mouth too. Goes back to typing with her thumbs. They're best friends.

3 INT. TAXI - DAY

3

We're in Chicago now but it doesn't matter. We could be in any city. Olivia's in the back of an idling taxi, typing on her laptop. The door opens; Harrison gets in beside her. He's got two coffees, gestures to the driver to go. Holds a hand out in front of Olivia's mouth. Waiting until...she spits her gum into his hand. He makes a face cause even though he knew it was coming, *dude, that is gross* and then he gives her the coffee.

4 INT. MICHIGAN AVENUE BUILDING ELEVATOR - DAY

4

Even the elevator feels expensive here. Olivia and Harrison are riding up, drinking coffee, looking nervous. Olivia spills coffee down the front of her blouse. She and Harrison look at each other. Then she hands him her suit jacket, removes her coffee-stained blouse. Puts the suit jacket back on over her bra. Buttons it up. Harrison doesn't blink -- this is not new.

5 INT. FANCY CHICAGO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

5

One of those gleaming offices that looks out over the city. It's fancy in here. Olivia and Harrison are across a long conference table with a GUY IN A SUIT (50s). Maybe he's a lawyer, maybe he's not, all we need to know is he makes the decisions. Right now, he's staring at them, assessing. Looking like he smells something bad.

GUY IN A SUIT

You understand that you're only here because Marty referred you. Without Marty, you don't even get in the room. And you shouldn't be. In this room. I hope you used frequent flier miles because otherwise, you wasted money on a flight, is what I'm saying. I never heard of you. You're nobody. And you're what, twelve years old?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

GUY IN A SUIT (CONT'D)

My client can not afford to have his
life ruined because you two are too
green to do this right.

Harrison smiles, chokes back a chuckle. Guy in a Suit catches
the smile.

GUY IN A SUIT (CONT'D)

This is entertaining for you? You're
wasting my time, you think this is
funny?

HARRISON

No, sir, I'm just...

GUY IN A SUIT

You're just what?

HARRISON

I'm just enjoying what's about to
happen next.

GUY IN A SUIT

And what's that?

OLIVIA

I'm what's going to happen next.

And the Olivia who spills coffee and can't run and huffs and
puffs? That Olivia is gone. This Olivia is in control,
polished, brilliant. In life, Olivia sucks. In this room,
in this job, in this business, Olivia is FUCKING AWESOME.
Olivia begins to speak, ever so measured and calm.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We paid for our flight. Full fare.
That's what you do when you book a
ticket at the last minute, you pay
full fare. And we didn't waste a
penny. Because you are going to
hire us. You know how I know you're
going to hire us? You called. Which
is how it starts. We get a call.
That's how it always starts.
Something happens. Someone's life
changes. Someone sees something or
does something or is the victim of
something. They talk too loud in a
restaurant, put a picture up on the
web, tell a secret to a supposed
friend. And then...BAM! It explodes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Critical Mass. And we get a call. Because even if we are twelve years old, we are the professionals. We're not nobody. You've just never heard of us. You know why? Because we come into your house on the worst day of your life and we take over. We put out the fire. We save your job. We save your marriage. Sometimes, we save your life. We keep your dirty little secrets dirty and secret. We do what needs to be done. And then we move on to the next guy. That's the job. We're not publicists. We're not smiling for the cameras. We're crisis managers. And the thing about being a crisis manager is meeting with guys in suits like you. Guys who need me, only they don't know they need me. You need me. You need me because you are screwed. And your client, he's really screwed because he's got a guy in a suit working for him who doesn't know how to find his ass with two hands and a flashlight. That would be you. Me? I know what to do. And I'm happy to start doing it. Right now. All you gotta do is hire me. I know you don't like us, I can tell you don't like us and also I just made the two hands and a flashlight comment so...clearly. But I don't like you either. That doesn't matter. If I'm good at what I do, you'll never have to see me again. And I am. Very good at what I do. And by the way, Marty didn't do us a favor by getting us in the room. We saved Marty once. He was doing you the favor. Are we hired or not?

Harrison begins to chuckle. The Guy in a Suit is floored.

6 INT. MICHIGAN AVENUE BUILDING ELEVATOR - DAY

6

Olivia and Harrison step back onto the elevator. Harrison pushes the button. They wait silent and still as the doors close. The moment the doors are closed...

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

HARRISON/OLIVIA
HOLY CRAP! YES!!!!

They scream, they celebrate, there's a little touchdown dancing.

HARRISON
The look on his face...
(imitating Olivia)
"You need us. You just don't know
you need us."

OLIVIA
I thought I went too far. I was so
scared he was gonna call security
and throw us out.

HARRISON
We got the job, we are getting paid,
we are hired...TOUCHDOWN, baby!

They high five. Harrison does a little macho barking. Olivia does a little more dancing. The elevator doors open. A few people stand outside, staring at them. Olivia and Harrison act like they weren't doing anything. Exit the elevator.

7 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

7

The City. It's fall, it's amazing, it's the only place to be. We zoom over the park, heading down to Soho...

8 INT. SOHO LOFT - CONTINUOUS

8

The place is empty. Devoid of furniture. There are boxes, the kind that hold files. JESSIE (20s), she loves her Louboutins but she'll gladly take them off to kick your ass, is lying on the floor. Also there are HUCK (21), computer junkie, caffeine hound, and REBECCA (20), shy, quiet, you don't notice her but you should. They're sitting, laptops on their knees. Olivia's wolfing down a takeout burger. Harrison's shooting hoops.

HUCK
Okay. So Mark Shepherd. 42. Junior
Senator from Illinois. Wife. Two
sons. Stand up guy.

As he talks, we are pulled into his computer where we see photos of MARK (42), handsome, polished, smiling, waving. Shots of him with his wife and two boys. Shots of him shaking hands with the President. Mark's a golden boy.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

HUCK (CONT'D)

Four days ago, a website reported a blind item about a Senator having an affair with a staffer. Three days ago, Shepherd was named. Media's been swarming.

OLIVIA

Did he deny having an affair?

HARRISON

He's cheating.

OLIVIA

But did he deny?

HUCK

I'm looking.

JESSIE

Do we like this guy's politics?

HARRISON

Doesn't matter. We cashed the retainer.

OLIVIA

We like his politics. Did he deny?

FADE TO TITLE CARD.

In Crisis AKA Untitled Shonda Rhimes Pilot

"Jams, Pickles, and Hot Potatoes"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

AN AWESOME SONG begins to play as:

1 INT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

1

We're on OLIVIA (27), running.

Olivia is whipsmart intense sweet-faced, her inner geek is often on the outside. We love her immediately because she reminds us of, well...us. And like I said, Olivia is running. Olivia is running through the airport. Running like crazy. Running like her life depends on it.

She's huffing. Puffing. Wearing heels. Sweating like a pig. Cause she's not a runner. She doesn't even go to the gym. She's DYING but she's GOTTA run. She's holding a boarding pass. She's dragging a rolling suitcase, she's dodging vacationers and babies and flight attendants, she is doing her best to keep up with...

HARRISON (28), athletic, very male, the boy next door who grew up and got so hot and so MALE that it hurts us not to have him in our own beds, running ahead of her. The easy fast strides of a sprinter. Not breaking a sweat. He's a gazelle. He pauses, circles back around, grabs her suitcase for her. But Olivia stops running. Bends over, hands on knees. Wheezing. A turtle. Or an antelope. Something that isn't made to run.

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(CONTINUED)

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5 INT. FANCY CHICAGO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

5

One of those big windowed offices that looks out over the city. Polished, old school, intimidating. Olivia and Harrison are across a long conference table with a GUY IN A SUIT (60s). Maybe he's a lawyer, maybe he's not, all we need to know is that the suit is expensive -- he makes the decisions. Right now, he's staring at them. Looking like he smells something bad.

GUY IN A SUIT

You understand that you're only here because Marty referred you. Without Marty, you don't even get in the room. And you shouldn't be. In this room. I hope you used frequent flier miles because otherwise, you wasted money on a flight, is what I'm saying. I never heard of you. You're nobody. And you're what, twelve years old?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

GUY IN A SUIT (CONT'D)
My client can not afford to have his
life ruined because you two are too
green to do this right.

Harrison smiles, chokes back a chuckle. Guy in a Suit catches
the smile.

GUY IN A SUIT (CONT'D)
This is entertaining for you? You're
wasting my time, you think this is
funny?

HARRISON
No, sir, I'm just...

GUY IN A SUIT
You're just what?

HARRISON
I'm just enjoying what's about to
happen next.

GUY IN A SUIT
And what's that?

OLIVIA
I'm what's going to happen next.

And the Olivia who spills coffee and can't run and huffs and
puffs? That Olivia is gone. This Olivia is in control,
polished, brilliant. In life, Olivia sucks. In this room,
in this job, in this business, Olivia is FUCKING AWESOME.
Olivia begins to speak, ever so measured and calm.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
We paid for our flight. Full fare.
That's what you do when you book a
ticket at the last minute, you pay
full fare. And we didn't waste a
penny. Because you are going to
hire us. You know how I know you're
going to hire us? You called. Which
is how it starts. We get a call.
That's how it always starts.
Something happens. Someone's life
changes. Someone sees something or
does something or is the victim of
something. They talk too loud in a
restaurant, put a picture up on the
web, tell a secret to a supposed
friend. And then...BAM! It explodes.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Critical Mass. And we get a call. Because even if we are twelve years old, we are the professionals. We're not nobody. You've just never heard of us. You know why? Because we come into your house on the worst day of your life and we take over. We put out the fire. We save your job. We save your marriage. Sometimes, we save your life. We keep your dirty little secrets dirty and secret. We do what needs to be done. And then we move on to the next guy. That's the job. We're not publicists. We're not smiling for the cameras. We're crisis managers. And the thing about being a crisis manager is meeting with guys in suits like you. Guys who need me, only they don't know they need me. You need me. You need me because you are screwed. And your client, he's really screwed because he's got a guy in a suit working for him who doesn't know how to find his ass with two hands and a flashlight. That would be you. Me? I know what to do. And I'm happy to start doing it. Right now. All you gotta do is hire me. I know you don't like us, I can tell you don't like us and also I just made the two hands and a flashlight comment so...clearly. But I don't like you either. That doesn't matter. If I'm good at what I do, you'll never have to see me again. And I am. Very good at what I do. And by the way, Marty didn't do us a favor by getting us in the room. We saved Marty once. He was doing you the favor. Are we hired or not?

Harrison begins to chuckle. The Guy in a Suit is floored.

6 EXT. BOSTON TOWNHOUSE - SUNSET

6

Boston. And all that Boston means. Not fancy Boston. Working class but clean Boston. It's fall, leaves on the ground...

7 INT. BOSTON TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

7

The place is empty. Devoid of furniture. There are boxes everywhere. But lived in -- the way a place is when people can't afford furniture. Three people stand, drinking beer and staring at the door. Waiting. HUCK (27), computer junkie, caffeine hound, the smartest guy in any room. KYLE (28), a big guy, a linebacker big guy, the fact that he's an asskicker might make you miss how sweet he is. And ABBY (21), genetically she was dealt God's best hand -- Harrison likes to say "she looks like sex feels" -- but somewhere along the line that hand didn't do her any favors so now she tries hard to downplay it and be one of the guys. Like I said, they're drinking beer and staring at the door. Waiting.

KYLE

They got the job?

ABBY

They didn't say.

KYLE

Texting, emails, phones, skype, facebook...they could have let us know what happened before they got on the plane.

ABBY

Good new, they want to see our faces.
Bad news, they want us all here together.

They stare at the door some more.

HUCK

I have to pee but I can't move. I can't look away from the door. I want to but I can't. It's like...if I look away, they won't come in and say they got the job. I'm so desperate that I've become pathetic.

KYLE/ABBY

You were always pathetic.

But they know they are pathetic too. Giving him shit is just habit.

HUCK

I want to pay law school loans and buy this little thing called food...

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

I want to not be a lawyer anymore.

HUCK

We all want to not be lawyers anymore.

ABBY

I'm not a lawyer.

KYLE

You also do not work here. I'm talking about me, Huck, Harry and Liv. You, go home.

ABBY

I volunteer. And you're not lawyers either. Not really. None of you work at law firms.

HUCK

We're all ninety grand in debt with diplomas from Harvard Law School. We're lawyers. And we're going to have to go find work at law firms like every other miserable dog who got stupid and went to law school. Unless they got the job.

KYLE

They better have gotten the job. -- They didn't say?

ABBY

They *didn't* say.

The front door opens. Harrison and Olivia come in, pulling their suitcases. Huck, Kyle and Abby stare at them. Waiting. Serious. Harrison and Olivia stare back. Just as serious. And then...

...a smile spreads across Olivia's face. And everyone explodes with excitement.

HUCK

OH NO YOU DID NOT!!!

OLIVIA

YES! WE! DID!

ABBY

You got the job? YOU GOT THE JOB?!

HARRISON

You should've seen Liv in there!
She was incredible!

OLIVIA

Well, that guy was *rude*.

HARRISON

And she nailed him to a wall and we
got the job, we are getting paid, we
are hired-

KYLE

TOUCHDOWN, baby!

Kyle and Huck high five. Olivia and Harrison chest bump.
There's some macho barking. A great deal of dancing, many
moves are busted. They have just changed their lives. Huck
takes off running down the hall.

HARRISON

Where are you going!?

HUCK (O.S.)

To pee...

As the celebrating continues around them, Olivia and Harrison
lock eyes. They just...look at one another. Tears starting
to well up. And now we get just HOW relieved these two are.
How big their burden is, how responsible they feel for
everyone else. Because they were scared, they were really
scared. Harrison puts out one finger. Touches his fingertip
to her fingertip. They're own private version of a high
five. They did it. And then they go back to celebrating
with everyone. They are so happy. And we're happy for them.

OLIVIA

SUCK IT, HARVARD LAW!!

Another round of cheering.

FADE TO TITLE CARD.